WHITE WINGS.

[illegible]

White wings, which are so long
The while I lie here lying
Outside the window pane
I hear the weird, sweet strain
As some angel harp were sighing
With pleasure half and pain
White wings, white wings.

[illegible]

White wings, white wings.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Destroying Weeds.

Thistles, in small quantities, may be killed by drenching the tops with strong brine once or twice a day for a week, if the weather is dry. This method is impracticable for large fields, but in the front yard or garden may be thus easily eradicated. The weeds most abundant here are white daisies and plantain, but while land is in good heart they do little harm. Many farms are covered with yellow kale and witch grass, and no attempt is made to get rid of them. Live-forever, or house leek, as we call it, has spread over a few fields, but this may be entirely destroyed by careful and deep plowing, as it seldom goes to seed.

Cucumber Pickles.

The small, long kind are the best for pickles, and those but half-grown are nicer than the full-grown. Let them be freshly gathered; pull off the blossom, but do not rub them. Pour over them a strong brine boiling hot, cover closely and let them stand all night. In the morning drain on a sieve, and dry them in a cloth. To each quart of best cider vinegar put one-half ounce of whole black pepper, the same of ginger and allspice, and one ounce of mustard seed, add onions if agreeable. When this pickled vinegar boils up, throw in the cucumbers, and make them boil as quickly as possible for three or four minutes no longer. Put them in a jar with the boiling vinegar and cover closely. Made in this way your pickles will be tender, crisp, and green. If the color is not quite clear enough, boil the vinegar over the next day, then pour it over the cucumbers and cover perfectly tight.

Thoroughbred Versus Common Sheep.

A farmer, who is supposed to own as good common sheep as anybody, sheared his flock recently, and after weighing the fleeces, found that each sheep averaged two and a-half pounds. Take the whole number of sheep and they probably will not average more than the above. Say that wool is worth twenty cents per pound, the profits from each sheep will be fifty cents. Take now an estimate of the fleeces of the thoroughbred Merino and Cotswold, which will average not less than eight pounds per head: the net profits on each sheep $1.60 or $1.10 in favor of the thoroughbred. Now it costs the same to raise the thoroughbred as the common sheep; the mutton of the one is as good as the other; the profits of the wool of the thoroughbred is three times greater than from the common. Every farmer owning a flock of sheep should make it convenient to purchase a thoroughbred ram to improve the quality and yield of his wool; such an investment will pay.

Bones for Manure.

Old bones make a first-rate manure, and we will tell you how to reduce them with but little trouble and no expense. Get all the garden cuttings, the waste, odd pieces of wood about the house, used up pea-sticks, any refuse vegetable stuff that will burn and make a good bonfire. Collect the ashes and keep them in a dry place. Next, get an old cask. Put the bones in the cask with a good layer of wood ashes on top of them. The cask should stand away from the house and not be covered over, as it is desirable the rain should fall on it. If the weather is dry, pour water over. Proceed in this way until the cask is full, and then let it remain for some months. When you wish to use the compost, either as a top-dressing for land, kitchen garden or flower beds, previous to spring bedding out, you will find the bones entirely dissolved by the ashes to a jelly-like substance. The potash in the wood ashes effects this and decomposes the phosphate of lime, forming phosphate of potash.

Neatness in Farming.

Nothing gives evidence of thrift and enterprise in farming better than keeping everything in order. There are times when even the most painstaking men are compelled to let things go somewhat at loose ends, but upon the first occasion of spare time and due diligence thereafter, the wonted appearance of things about the premises returns. At the cost of a little time and labor when required, the appearance of an untidy farm may be so improved as to add considerably to its value, and the price obtained in the event of a sale. The contrast between neat and slovenly kept farms represents more in a pecuniary point of view, very often, than is generally supposed. Take a farm which by its appearance shows clean culture, from which stumps and bushes have been removed, the buildings kept in repair, the fences and gates in order, the rubbish kept from the roadside and fence corners, the tools housed when not in use, and the stock exhibiting evidence of good care and attention, and in the event of its purchase it will bring relatively much more than one equally fertile, but kept in a slovenly way. Weedy fields, tumble-down fences, gates with broken hinges, buildings out of repair, implements scattered about the farm where they were used last, rubbish everywhere, and inferior looking stock, take from a farm, naturally fertile, a good round sum in the event of a sale.

How Shall the Foal be Reared.

A foal lost its mother when two days old. Will you inform me the best way to bring it up? At present I am giving it cow's milk mixed with a little water and sugar.—[Farmer. [You can not do better than continue as you have begun. There is no more suitable substitute for the mare's milk than that of the cow at first used diluted with at least one-fourth of water and to which is added twice three ounces of sugar [illegible] As the [illegible] [illegible]

We have known foals thus artificially [illegible] drink a gallon of cow's milk [illegible] [illegible] Within a fortnight the foal will get accustomed to take a little [illegible] and oats, grass. He will also speedily learn to pick a little grass and [illegible] and should gradually be [illegible] to eating a handful of [illegible] oats. The first matter is to prevent constipation, which is apt to occur during the first week after birth, by the use of sugar, bran, linseed gruel, or, if need be, by the administration of a dose of castor oil and linseed oil. The next point is to accustom the colt as early as possible to a variety of easily digested, good food, so that he may become independent of the [illegible] mother's milk, of which, however, he will be none the worse even if he gets it for six months.—The [illegible] [illegible]

To Destroy Curculios.

At a late meeting of the South Haven (Mich.) Pomological Society, Mr. [illegible] thus describes his method of destroying these pests:

In the spring of 1868 while escaping curculios by jarring and trapping, I had occasion to empty a kettle of coal tar which I had been using for tarring fence posts, and, to destroy the same, set it on fire near my plum trees, not with a view to benefit the trees, but to get rid of the material. The next day I found that a plum tree near to which was covered with the smoke was deserted by the curculios, and I at once procured another supply and continued its use on a part of my trees. From those so treated I obtained a good crop of fruit, while on the others but few perfect plums ripened. In 1869 I mixed one pound of sulphur with one gallon of coal tar, and as soon as the fruit burst its petals, commenced its use. To make this convenient I procured a large frying pan, fastened a long handle to it, the more easily to use it, and very early in the morning, while wet with dew, proceeded to the trees, often making the foliage black with the smoke. This was continued each morning until the fruit was as large as a small sized hickory nut. The trees were a perfect wonder to all who saw the immense crop of fruit, and it has to be thinned out to prevent the trees from breaking under their burden. The following year, being absent at the proper time, nothing was done, and the result was no fruit at all. In 1871 I again tested the process, and also, by furnishing the material, induced a neighbor who had some fine trees in his garden to do the same. He was very incredulous, and said it had to be works without faith that produced the results. From seven trees he sold $24 worth of fruit, not taking into account what they used while fresh or for canning. My crop was abundant, while on the other side, on the adjoining lot, a neighbor who had trees did not secure a plum. Each year since, I have continued the process with like results, while the neighbor before spoken of, being sick, failed entirely. These experiments have convinced me that, with a reasonable amount of labor, the plum crop is a certainty, and most varieties being annual varieties, will make it a profitable crop for market."

Scenes in Kimberley, the Diamond Region of South Africa.

The hotels of Kimberley are provided with a large "bar" at which liquors are sold, a billiard-room and long dining-hall, and ranging down on either side of the dining-room a series of little bedrooms—narrow, coffin-shaped chambers containing a bed, a chair, a wash-stand and a trunk. At the hotel, and at the better class of canteens, are met the floating population and the men of leisure about town, the latter apparently permanent fixtures of the place. Business, i. e., drinking, begins early and continues until it is early again.

Certainly Kimberley is the heaven of the gentlemanly loafer, who, on one excuse or another, does no work, and trusts to his bright particular star for bread, cheese, meat and drinks. Never downcast, never despondent, always plausible, he seems to have a horror of becoming a millionaire; he would have it understood that he is about to embark in some grand project—perhaps to turn the Vaal river aside and search its bed for diamonds, or lead water through pipes into Kimberley from the same river thirty miles distant, or pump the mine dry, or open a coal or led mine, or go into ostrich farming, or up-country trading. In the meantime, won't you back his bill for a small $100. Or our morning friend is only "waiting for the mail," and "expects a remittance from home directly."

Strange how long that remittance is in coming. "Confounded bad postal arrangements in these wilds, you know." He is going in for washing and wants to make a new start; he is going to pull up and go in for making money now. A "fiver" would oblige him.

About the hotel he makes trade good; treats his creditors with kindness and with drinks; says "Put it down to me," as if no credit over the bar was never written for him. Scans his bill in a contemptuous way through his eye-glass, and finally, when the last card is played, saunters off to pastures new, leaving a widowed constituency with depleted pockets to mourn his departure.

But outnumbering manifold these ornaments to society are the diggers in moleskin trowsers, flannel shirt, and broad hat twined round with a puggeree. By digger must be understood claim holder, and director of his own or another's mining operations. He seldom touches pick or shovel, far better to use his eyes and prevent the negroes working under him from stealing. He has just come up out of the mine and down into the street a moment for a new rope, pick or bucket, and stops for a chat. Diamonds, claims, finds, are the all-absorbing topic. Having ordered with some mate a split, the first inquiry is, "Any finds to-day?" or, "Is the mail in?" and "Any diamonds up or down?" The state of the reef is discussed, and the progress of pumping [illegible] [illegible] Have you heard of Brown's luck? He bought a claim yesterday in which the [illegible] [illegible] and found a diamond worth £[illegible] this morning before work. [illegible] Brown's [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] diggers [illegible] [illegible] Drawing forth from his pocket a little metal or wooden [illegible] the digger [illegible] show his finds [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] The box is passed [illegible] gems are taken out of it and admired [illegible] Another digger [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] and lays them upon the table. One by one they are taken up and distributed about the crowd present for inspection, the owner quietly [illegible] their return from the different quarters of the room, quite undisturbed as to the safety of his property: they all come back. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] worth now at the depreciated price of [illegible] not more than £[illegible] in the days before [illegible] were plentifully found, worth £[illegible] They [illegible] passed freely round. There is no danger of the gems being stolen, because the whole community is a committee of public safety, and cannot afford to allow dishonesty. To steal a diamond would be like horse stealing in our western country—it is stealing a man's life, and the crime is so heinous and so nearly affects every one that all are equally interested in punishing it.—Scribner.

Peace and Plenty.

Growling and grumbling has become so much a habit with some of our people that it is doubtful if there will ever be such a state of affairs, no matter how prosperous, but that they will continue to croak. The fact is that this State and city never were so prosperous, its people never so happy, or so well supplied with the comforts of life as at the present time. The towns and cities are improving and building at a rapid rate, railroads are being extended, and while the State teems with food for man and beast, there are millions of dollars worth of surplus to ship to eastern states and foreign countries.

Besides this, thousands upon thousands of people are pouring in from every direction, all bringing more or less capital with them, new towns are springing up, and tens of thousands of acres of virgin soil is being plowed for the first time. For many weeks in the past farmers have been calling in vain for laborers to help them gather in their bounteous harvests. No man need go hungry or naked who is willing to work, no man need be idle who really wants employment.

And still there is room for thousands more. The over-crowded cities of the East can send us many thousands of their unemployed, and Nebraska soil will furnish them with food and plenty, if they are willing to follow the plow, the reaper, the corn planter, and the drill. Not only can they raise enough to eat, but with little exertion much to barter for the product of the looms of the East, the plantations of the South, and the manufactures of foreign countries.

* * * * * * * *

To-day peace and plenty crowns our State, every man enjoys the fullest liberty, avenues of occupation are open on every hand, and the people are happy and contented, reports to the contrary notwithstanding.—*Omaha Herald.*

Mother's Advice to Eliza.

"Eliza," said a fond mother to her offspring recently, as that offspring was about going forth in tow of a young man who worships the very sidewalk she walks upon, "go to the bread-box and eat a good big crust of bread before you go out."

"Why," replied the blushing girl, "I don't feel the least bit hungry; we have only just had tea."

"I know it; but when Adolphus takes you into a restaurant you'll eat sponge cake and ice cream, and ham sandwich and oysters enough to scare him out of a year's growth. Beware how you sit down on the budding flame of Cupid. Of course Adolphus spends the money you save him on billiards and things, but that makes no difference. When he asks you to go in and have some oysters—even if you are hungry, don't. Say you don't approve of girls wasting the money of their future husbands upon trifles when it might be applied toward furnishing a house. Point out that with the price of an oyster stew you might purchase a couple of towels, now that toweling is so cheap, and that a saddle-rock roast is the equivalent of a silver-fork—plated, of course, but not easily distinguished from solid silver—or a glass sugar-bowl. This always takes the young men; it sets them to thinking of housekeeping and matrimony, and it makes them think you are the incarnation of economy, and that you would make an excellent wife; and so they often say things which give you a hold over them, and are effective before a jury."

Eliza treasured up the sagacious counsels, and acted upon them with such earnestness and effect that when she came home she was an engaged woman.

A Massachusetts Methodist preacher took for his text at a saloon-keeper's funeral: "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth the bottle to him, and makest him drunken also." His remarks caused half the congregation to leave.

THE YOUNGER BOYS.

Belief that Cole, the Eldest Bandit, has Escaped.

MARINE MILLS, MINN., August [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] [illegible] the Minnesota State Penitentiary [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] in the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the largest being that of Seymour & Sabin [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the warden, we received an open [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the Younger Boys [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the warden [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Upon entering the room, we saw

TWO STALWART [illegible] MEN

clad in the usual striped [illegible] one being tall and [illegible] and the other stout and below medium height. Nothing was noticeable in their [illegible] [illegible] except that both had exceedingly sharp [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] for the Minnesota Grand Threshing Machine, which is manufactured there. We saw Jim and Bob Younger, [illegible] [illegible] When the warden was asked as to the whereabouts of Cole, he gave the evasive answer, he didn't know. It is the supposition of a great many people that he is either dead or has escaped. The more popular among the knowing ones think he has escaped, for why should the prison authorities be so secretive about him if he has died of his wounds or has been shot while escaping? Bob has professed religion, and is an attendant at divine service. Many doubt his sincerity and think it is all a ruse for a purpose. The wounds received at the time of their capture are not visible. The people of Minnesota look upon them as wild animals, and boast a great deal about the fact of their being captured in that State.—*Cor. St. Louis Post.*

A Caution to Peach Eaters.

A fatal case of poisoning by peach stones, which has just happened in Paris, may serve as a warning to those families in which children are allowed to look after themselves for hours together. It may be assumed that very few children under the age, say of ten or twelve years, have any idea that peach stones or peach blossoms are dangerous. They have been shown the deadly night shade, and probably the wild hemlock, and have a canny dread of them; but nursemaids are not nearly so fond of pointing out the peach tree as an object of horror and aversion. The victim of the recent accident in Paris had certainly not been cautioned against the attractions of the peach. He had developed at the tender age of five and a half, the faculty of reasoning on inductive principles, and he had no reason to doubt that as cherry and apricot stones contained eatable kernels the nobler fruit had, at least, an equally desirable treasure in its inmost recesses. Accordingly, he secreted the stones of a number of peaches which had been sent to his mother from the country, and possessing himself of a hammer, when left alone, broke them open industriously, and then set to upon a solid feast, to which he did hasty but complete justice. The taste of the kernels was not perhaps on a par with expectations previously entertained, but it would be ridiculous to go through the labor of cracking such hard shells without entering into the fruition of the labor when once finished. So the unlucky child was found by his parent on her return writhing in the previous agonies produced by prussic or hydrocyanic acid. The efforts of the physicians were in vain, and another item had to be added to the long list of "deaths by imprudence." It is as well, now that the season of wall fruit is at hand, to explain what extent poisoning properties is possessed by the peach stone. The writers in toxicology state that an ounce of the kernels contains about one grain of pure hydrocyanic acid, and it is known that one grain of the poison will almost to a certainty kill any adult. Two-thirds of a grain has very often been fatal, and indeed, may be regarded as a fatal dose for a child.—*London Globe.*

The Beautiful Cactus.

"All aboard for Alamosa, and we were soon admiring the crimson cactus, which is making nearly all the beautiful country around Pueblo in very truth to "blossom as the rose." There are a few small wheat fields and thirsty looking corn-fields, and we, Yankee-like, exercised our ingenuity to find out or guess some useful purpose to which these really very beautiful cactus fields could be appropriated. How would one of these cactuses, with its deep green foliage and compact, brilliant, glowing blossoms be valued beyond price if transplanted into one of the charming lawns in Hartford? Here even thousands of acres of this beautifully brilliant plant are literally wasting its beauty "on the desert air." This plant is noted for the grotesque shapes it assumes. Probably our hunger for brain food was the cause of failure in all our guessings for the practical uses of this plant, unless success could attend the transplanting into boxes and shipping to Boston to say a car load, and reshipping westward a car load of wooden nutmegs greasers. Fill a box, or half barrel, with sand and gravel, place it in an open space in the burning sun, with no moisture within a hundred feet, and these plants will grow and blossom in exceeding beauty; and from all possible points, except the flower, a thousand minute, carefully sharpened pointed poisonous thorns, so as to be scattering [illegible] to the naked eye, are guarding these rare treasures and saying in unmistakable language, "touch me not." A long-handled shovel will soon transplant the beauty, with some of its native soil, into a huge box [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] New England [illegible] and New England has never had a [illegible] [illegible]

What a Diver Sees.

[illegible] have been a great many strange things under water?

The diver who went for wrecking [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] You remember the wreck of the Atlantic on the coast of Maine? Well, [illegible] of the Eastport. My diver was employed to raise the bodies. He made several descents, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] At the saloon door was opened the first thing he saw was [illegible] fully dressed suspended in the water. The [illegible] [illegible] him, and they appeared [illegible] He stepped back in horror, and it was some time before he gained sufficient courage to enter the saloon. There he found [illegible] who were passengers on that ill-fated ship kneeling and holding each other by the hands, as if they had been engaged in prayer when the steamer went down. He then went into the smoking room. The [illegible] was in the wildest disorder. Chairs and tables were turned upside down, bottles were scattered about, and the men [illegible] [illegible] had perished during a drunken revel. Most of them had [illegible] in their hands. Scenes like this are common in sunken vessels which carry passengers down with them.—*N. Y. World.*

Josh Billings on the Peach.

Peaches and kream will convert enny man who is worth saving.

The peach has a down like that on a maiden's cheek, but it ain't half so pleasant to get into the lips.

Peach brandy is made out of the peach. This licker has been called mellow, but like all other licker that I have tried, it will lay out a saint just as flat as it will a sinner.

The fakt of it is, there ain't no kind ov ardent rum, I don't kare how artless and gentle the name ov it is, or how rich and mello you may call it, but what will turn him that wrassels with it, be he fool or be he philosopher.

There is only one piece of humanity that kan stand ardent spirits, and he is an Injun, and kant stand it only just long enuff to get civilized.

When peach brandy is fust made it is as hot as a streak ov lightning and just about as sudden.

I once drank a teaspoonful of it warm from the still, and it was twenty minutes before I could draw a long breath. I was as hot inside as a chimney on fire. I thought it would break out and blaze somewhere, but it didn't happen to. I went at once and joined the Murphys.

County Tipperary.

County Tipperary preserves its ancient reputation for pugnacity and turbulence, which, indeed, are greater now than in former days, and far more serious, because to-day the national weapon, the shillelah, has been largely laid aside, and scythes, knives, reaping hooks, and pitchforks have taken their place. A recent letter says that full half of the business of the county assizes is connected with faction fights, many of which have been continued for years. An old feud between the Maddens and Cartys has existed for 40 years, and innumerable bloody battles have been waged by the adherents of the two families. Lately, 200 of these met at Gortavalla by previous agreement, and fought for a whole day, several of the combatants being either killed or mortally wounded, and nearly every one of them having a broken crown, a shattered jaw, a fractured limb, or mutilated nose or ear. At least 50 or 60 are said to have been left on the field, their injuries being so severe they could not get away. The contest ended only because the Tipperaryites were wholly exhausted. Then the Constabulary, who had watched the fight from a distance, prudently appeared and arrested the wounded. The feud had its origin in a difference of opinion, near 40 years ago, as to the age of a bull of local repute. The Maddens declared he was 3, the Cartys that he was 4 years old, and they have continued the war ever since. Charming Tipperary!

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YOUNG MEN [illegible]

ARKANSAS!

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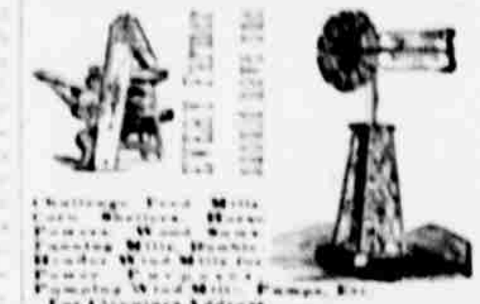

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